MARVEL

FALL OF X

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LGY#662

DUGGAN
GUARA
VALENZA

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

60 YEARS

WHEN MULTIBILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST TONY STARK, INVENTOR EXTRAORDINAIRE, DONS HIS SOLAR-CHARGED, STEEL-MESH ARMOR, HE BECOMES A HIGH-TECH WARRIOR–THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUMAN FIGHTING MACHINE!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS...

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

"PATRON SAINT"

PREVIOUSLY...

The mutant-hating industrialist Feilong has used Stark Unlimited to produce mutant-hunting Sentinels with Iron Man technology! Tony Stark tried to stop these Stark Sentinels from going into production, but Feilong threw obstacles in his path by framing his best friend Rhodey (A.K.A. War Machine) for murder and issuing a cease and desist to our hero, claiming ownership of the Iron Man technology.

Simultaneously, Feilong and the anti-mutant think tank Orchis have forced most of the mutants to flee Earth. Orchis' influence now reaches to the highest positions of power around the world. Tony has teamed up with Emma Frost and the Hellfire Club to take down Feilong and Orchis, going so far as to create an alias for Emma as his new wife!

One of the perks of his marriage? Knowledge of mysterium, the so-called mutant metal. With this new weapon available to him, Tony finally has an advantage on Orchis, but to make full use of it, he'll need all his allies at the ready.

GERRY DUGGAN
WRITER

IG GUARA
GUEST ARTIST

BRYAN VALENZA
COLOR ARTIST

VC's JOE CARAMAGNA
LETTERER

KAEL NGU
COVER ARTIST

JOHN TYLER CHRISTOPHER; KEN LASHLEY & JUAN FERNANDEZ
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS

ADAM DEL RE
SENIOR DESIGNER

NOAH SHARMA
ASSISTANT EDITOR

DARREN SHAN
EDITOR

TOM BREVOORT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

C.B. CEBULSKI
EDITOR IN CHIEF

IRON MAN CREATED BY STAN LEE, LARRY LIEBER, DON HECK & JACK KIRBY

FORTBEND COUNTY COURTHOUSE. RICHMOND, TEXAS.

OVERRULED. MISS WALTERS, YOU MAY FINISH YOUR THOUGHT.

YOUR HONOR, I'VE NOW PROVEN BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT THAT JAMES RHODES COULDN'T HAVE MURDERED THE STARK EMPLOYEE.

THE VICTIM'S MOBILE PHONE WAS USED ONE COUNTY OVER AT THE MAN'S HOME AFTER THE INCIDENT AT THE FACTORY.

IT WAS LATER FOUND ON HIS BODY, SO THE CORONER'S TIME OF DEATH CANNOT BE TRUE.

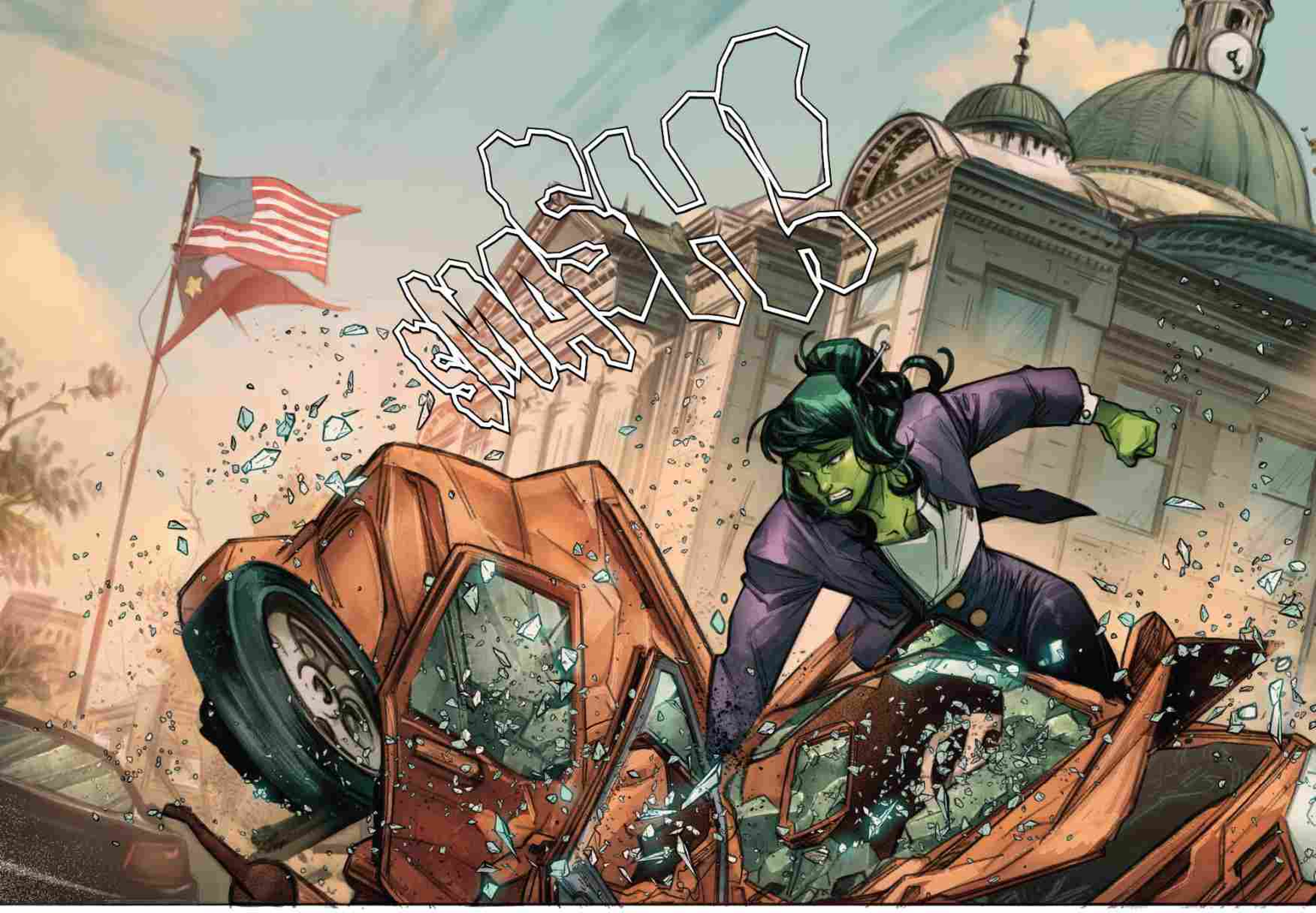
THE DECEASED MAN RETURNED TO THE FACTORY, AND HE LATER DIED AFTER JAMES RHODES WAS IN CUSTODY.*

GIVEN MR. RHODES' MILITARY SERVICE IN DEFENSE OF THIS COUNTRY, WE ASK THAT HE BE GRANTED IMMEDIATE RELEASE BASED ON THIS EXCULPATORY EVIDENCE.

*SEE ISSUE #7! --DS

YOUR HONOR, WE DON'T KNOW WHO HAD THE VICTIM'S PHONE AT THE TIME.

WE ASK THAT MR. RHODES BE CONFINED UNTIL A JURY DECIDES WHAT IS TRUE AND WHAT IS NOT.


SMASH

GRAAARGH!

IT WAS MY RENTAL CAR. AND I CHECKED THE BOX FOR EXTRA INSURANCE.

MANHATTAN.

I conceived of the Mark Nil as a stopgap armor. Something that would let me skulk about and finish the designs of the Mark 72, but--

--I knew I was gonna *miss* this armor.

It was nice to throw it on and know that I wasn't going to have a fight unless I wanted one.

I'd been fabricating stealth trackers and putting them on the Sentinels so I could analyze their flight patterns.

Orchis could afford to make a few mistakes in the battle to come. That's *one* luxury I've never had.

There was always a body count associated with my miscalculations.

THE HELLFIRE CLUB, MANHATTAN.

CREEEAK!

TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE, MR. FISK?

I'M CHECKING ON MY INVESTMENT, MR. STARK.

GENIUS TAKES TIME.

TIME...IS SOMETHING YOU CANNOT AFFORD, MR. STARK. BECAUSE I CAN'T PURCHASE IT FOR YOU.

YOU ARE BEING FUNDED, ASSISTED AND PROTECTED BY ME SO THAT YOU CAN REUNITE ME WITH MY WIFE. MY PATIENCE IS WEARING THIN.

I bit my tongue. I wanted to be alive when my appointment arrived.

I was unaware that my visitor had already arrived at the Hellfire Club and was about to get bounced by my wife, Hazel Kendal.

YES, MAY I HELP YOU?

I'M HERE TO SEE TONY STARK.

I'M SORRY, HE'S NOT HERE. AND HE'S NOT SEEING FANS AT THE MOMENT.

CONGRATS ON THE MARRIAGE. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT WENT WRONG IN YOUR LIFE TO WANT TO TAKE THAT PLUNGE WITH TONY...

...AND I'M NOT A FAN. NOW LET ME IN, AND FORGET YOU EVER SAW ME.

R E S I S T

The X-Men had a psychic defense called the "red triangle" that kicked in when coerced telepathically. My wife removed her mutant inhibitor ring...

...and school was in session for Riri Williams.

I'M SORRY. WE GOT OFF ON THE WRONG FOOT... WHICH IS ABOUT TO GET PLANTED SOMEWHERE UNPLEASANT. LET'S START OVER.

H-HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?

OH CRAP. TONY MARRIED **EMMA FROST.** WAIT--

--DOES TONY **KNOW** HE MARRIED EMMA FROST?

AH. I SEE YOU'RE NOT A NATURAL TELEPATH BUT ARE **ENHANCED.**

THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION IS--OF COURSE TONY KNOWS. AND YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BARGING INTO THE WRONG MIND--

--WILL BE BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

YOU'RE THE **WHITE QUEEN!** WANTED FOR MURDER...

...AND NOW YOU'RE SUDDENLY MARRIED TO TONY STARK?

EXCUSE ME, TONY **GETS** TO BE MARRIED TO ONE OF MY ALIASES.

NOW, HOW IS IT THAT THIS RING OF YOURS GRANTS YOU TELEPATHIC POWERS?

DON'T WORRY--I'M GONNA SHOW YOU!

I accepted my share of the blame in the aftermath of this one for not bringing Riri up to speed on my wife, my life and the resistance.

But we were at war, and everything was strictly need to know.

I've faced down Obadiah Stane...Thanos... Hell, I even went to war with Steve Rogers, and let me tell you...

...that drawing the ire of ***the Kingpin*** was as intimidating as any of them. I was grateful when the alarms went off.

MUTANT DETECTED!

WHAT THE HELL?!

ORCHIS OFFERED TO INSTALL THE DETECTOR. DECLINING THE OFFER WOULD HAVE APPEARED *SUSPICIOUS.*

IT APPEARS THE WOMEN ARE...*LOST IN THOUGHT.*

#$%&!

RIRI AND EMMA MUST'VE GOTTEN INTO IT! HERE'S EMMA'S INHIBITOR RING!

We had a real situation, and I gotta give credit to Wilson Fisk... Lying was as natural as breathing to him.

HNNH!

SPLAK!

ERIK TAP-DANCING LEHNSHERR.

AN ASSASSIN!

THE ONE CALLED MYSTIQUE JUST BROKE IN AND TRIED TO KILL ME!

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS FIGHT--MY INHIBITOR RING IS OFF, AND THAT MEANS I'M VULNERABLE.

THE SENTINELS ARE SOON TO BE UPON US--

--AND IF YOU INSIST ON CONTINUING THE FIGHT, WE CAN DO SO IN ONE OF ORCHIS' LABOR CAMPS.

AGREED-- LEMME JUST HELP SLAP YOU AWAKE.

KRAK!

PERHAPS WE WERE LUCKY AND ONE WAS NOT NEARBY.

EMMA FROST DETECTED!

SURRENDER OR BE LIQUIDATED!

I'M JAMMING IT--BUT WE HAVE LESS THAN A MINUTE BEFORE WE'RE BURNED AND EVERYTHING IS UP ON AN ORCHIS SATELLITE.

RIRI-- THROW ME.

WITH PLEASURE.

I'VE HATED HIDING.

IF THIS IS HOW IT ENDS--

--SO BE IT!

BWEEM!

NOTHING'S ENDING. WE HAVE TOO MANY PEOPLE TO AVENGE TO DIE TONIGHT.

AAH!

SKRABOOM!

I CAN'T CRACK THIS ARMOR IN THE STEALTH SUIT. IRONHEART, WHAT'VE YOU GOT FROM THE RINGS?

I THINK I GOT SOMETHING ON BOARD THAT'S BETTER THAN THE MANDARIN RINGS.

FZZT!

I GOT THAT **SPECIAL ORDER** YOU ASKED ME FOR, TONY.

WOOSH!

PYM PARTICLES, PRESUMABLY?

EXACTLY.

MUTANT DETECTED! EMMA FROST, SURRENDER!

WHUDD!

SKRAK!

BAM!

NICE WORKOUT.

FWOOSH!

MRS. STARK, IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GETTING THAT INHIBITOR RING ON?!

It had been our closest call with a Sentinel to date, and it almost blew our covers.

Fisk turned it all into an opportunity to deepen our cover--though...mutants once again looked bad.

Still, timing and luck were on our side. There weren't enough Pym Particles to make that a great strategy for the entire army...

...but my "special order" sure came in handy that night.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR OUR EMERGENCY RESPONDERS--AND FOR THE STARK SENTINELS, OF COURSE.

WITHOUT THEM, THE MUTANT WHO ATTACKED ME MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN MORE THAN THE PROPERTY DAMAGE TO MY HOME.

FISK IS EATING THIS UP.

RIRI, I HOPE YOU STILL HAVE SOME PYM PARTICLES.

YEP. AND NICE FIGHT, EMMA. SORRY I JUST ASSUMED YOU'D PUT THE WHAMMY ON TONY.

AND DON'T WORRY, "HAZEL," YOUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH ME.

THANK YOU, DARLING. AND I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE HIDING MUCH LONGER.

THE OLD HELLFIRE CLUB IS PERFECT FOR TINKERING. THE MARK 72 IS PROCEEDING, AND I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING ELSE I JUST FINISHED.

I HAVE A BIG FAVOR TO ASK.

Riri and I caught up for hours. We talked design until dawn.

SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WELL, THE DESIGN WORK IS IMPECCABLE.

YES, I KNOW-- THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M ASKING. CAN YOU BUILD THESE SHIPS?

HOW MUCH MYSTERIUM? AND WHERE ON EARTH WILL IT BE SECRETIVE OR SAFE ENOUGH?

NOWHERE ON EARTH IS SAFE ENOUGH. I NEED YOU TO GO UP THERE.

BUT YOU HAVE TO BE SURE YOU CAN GET IT DONE.

RIRI, THE LIVES OF EVERYONE ON THIS PLANET DEPEND ON YOU SUCCESSFULLY FABRICATING THOSE DESIGNS.

IF WE CAN'T GET THEM HOME, WE WON'T HAVE ENOUGH FIREPOWER TO FINISH THIS ON D-DAY.

I'LL GET THE JOB DONE.

AND YOU'LL SEND WORD TO THESE EXTRATERRESTRIAL SMITHS?

I'LL GET THE JOB DONE.

WHEN YOU GET THERE, ASK FOR *EITRI.*

WHAT WERE THE PYM PARTICLES FOR?

TAKE A LOOK.

HA! IT LOOKS SO CUTE.

I'LL LEAVE TONIGHT.

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO STAY ONE MORE DAY? TOMORROW IS...

...THANKSGIVING.

I KNOW IT CAN BE HARD TO SEE THE GOOD AROUND US, BUT IT'S HERE. THIS HAS BEEN SUCH A HARD YEAR, BUT I'M GRATEFUL FOR ALL OF YOU.

WELL SAID, MS. MARVEL.

I'VE HAD MORE DIFFICULT THANKSGIVINGS.

BASTOGNE IN '44 WAS PRETTY UNPLEASANT.

NEVER THOUGHT AH'D BE DOWN IN THE MORLOCK TUNNELS AS MUCH AS I HAVE BEEN.

I LIFT MY GLASS OF APPLE CIDER TO YOU ALL. WE'LL HAVE HARD DAYS AHEAD. I CAN'T SUGARCOAT THAT...

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, COME HELL OR HIGH WATER, WE DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH LONGER IN THE SHADOWS.

FOR TONIGHT, LET'S EAT THIS WONDERFUL FOOD AND TRY TO PUSH ASIDE OUR TROUBLES AND... HAVE A THOUGHT FOR ALL OF OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY WHO AREN'T HERE--

--THEY WILL BE AVENGED.

AND FOR THE ONES WHO SURVIVED, BUT ARE CAUGHT IN THE SYSTEM...

"...MAY THEY GET OUT OF THEIR PREDICAMENTS..."

James Rhodes was falsely imprisoned, awaiting trial in Texas' Polunsky Unit. There would be little to be thankful for on most days...

...but today was not most days.

HEY, "WAR MACHINE."

YOUR LAWYER SENT THIS OVER TO THE WARDEN, AND HE APPROVED IT.

APPROVED *WHAT?*

A SAINT LEONARD MEDAL-- THE PATRON SAINT OF PRISONERS... SOMEBODY LIKES YOU.

HUH.

HA. ACTUALLY, I THINK IT'S...

...A SAINT ANTHONY MEDAL.

NEXT: THE MYSTERIUM MAN!

#13: THE MYSTERIUM MARAUDERS!

Iron Man has become the X-Men's worst nightmare! Without a company, without his armory, how can Tony Stark make things right? And which mutants are even willing to work with him at this point?

EMAIL US AT **MHEROES@MARVEL.COM** AND MARK "**OKAY TO PRINT**"!

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KAMIC RIDER

MARIKA